

~ **TRULY EERIE WORDPLAY**

Mike Keith made an incredible discovery that belongs among the classics of fantastic wordplay. In fact, it sounds like a Twilight Zone episode:

“A friend and I today were discussing numbers that turn into words when viewed upside down on a calculator. One thing led to another, and I discovered this using Google: there's a place of business in this country of ours whose address is

Bible's Machine and Welding
6499 Blue Springs Pkwy
Mosheim, TN 37818

(Most likely owned by one of the several people with surname ‘Bible’ that live in Mosheim, I would surmise.)

Note the zip code, and what it spells upside down on a calculator. Wonder if Mr. or Ms. Bible has noticed this? I was tempted to ring them up.”

~ **STATE NAME ABBRS.**

Ray Love explores the world of state name abbreviations and reports on his discoveries: “In Ross Eckler's book NAMES AND GAMES (Onomastics and Recreational Linguistics) he has a chapter entitled ‘State Name Abbreviation Wordplay’ which consists of wordplay using the US Postal Service's two-letter state-name abbreviations. A few humorous examples of imaginary names of towns followed by a state abbreviation are Oompah, PA, Search, ME, and Oola, LA, found in Faith Eckler's subchapter in the book. A more fruitful assortment of whimsical and outrageous combinations was ripening on the tree. Here are the best of my playful pluckings:

Jolson, AL
Caterpill, AR
Lee Iacoc , CA
Extra, CT
Lady Ga, GA
Gand, HI
Garden, IA
Zinn, IA
Orch, ID
Cup, ID
Show, ID
Pup, IL
Hero, IN

Snowed, IN
Tom Han, KS
Garlic, KY
Hanky-Pan, KY
Panic, KY
Shangri, LA
Whoop, LA
Grand, MA
Yo-Yo, MA
Trapper John, MD
Dear, ME
Show, ME
Do Re, MI
Godda, MN
Ala, MO
Eenymeenyminy, MO
Eski, MO
Geroni, MO
Satch, MO
Wallets, MT (empty)
Bra, ND
Comma, ND
Divide, ND
Penis, NV (envy)
Pen, NY
Its, OK
Either, OR
Chutz, PA
Grand, PA
Vul, VA
Barbara Wa, WA

There are two abbreviation reversals among the 50 states. Alabama and Louisiana are AL/LA and Minnesota and New Mexico are MN/NM.

The two-letter terminals of 16 states are in themselves the two-letter Postal abbreviation of another state (except Kentucky which is its own Postal abbreviation). They are as follows:

Alaba, MA
Californ, IA
Connectic, UT
Georg, IA
Io, WA
Kentuc, KY
Mai, NE

Maryla, ND
Missou, RI
New Mexi, CO
Oklaho, MA
Pennsylvan, IA
Rhode Isla, ND
Virgin, IA
West Virgin, IA
Wiscons, IN

STAMP-ED-ED

Jeremy Morse says that he “enjoyed Ray Love’s contributions to the May 2010 Kickshaws, but would question two of his claims of uniqueness.—

- A. His sequence STAMP-STAMPED-STAMPEDED is matched by IMP (to graft new feathers on a hawk or falcon)-IMPED-IMPEDED
- B. It is true that CHOIR is the only word beginning with CH whose beginning sound is KW, but the W sounds belongs to –OIR (as in other words derived from French, like ABATTOIR, MEMOIR, etc.), and the CH- provides the K-sound (as in CHARACTER, CHORD, etc.) So the totality is not unique.”

KICKSHAWS Material

Darryl Francis
Thursby, Cumbria, England

~ NOT QUITE SWIFTIES

Darryl Francis provides a list of wordplay that “an American friend, Pat Shevlin, who lives in the same English village as I do, sent me. They’re not quite Tom Swifties, but – whatever they’re called – should bring a smile to the reader’s face.” ☺

A backward poet writes inverse.
A bicycle can't stand alone; it is two tired.
A boiled egg is hard to beat.
A calendar's days are numbered.
A chicken crossing the road: poultry in motion.
A dog gave birth to puppies near the road and was cited for littering.
A hole has been found in the nudist camp wall. The police are looking into it.
A rubber band pistol was confiscated from algebra class because it was a weapon of math disruption.

A sign on the lawn at a drug rehab center said: 'Keep Off The Grass.'
 A small boy swallowed some coins and was taken to a hospital.
 A will is a dead giveaway.
 Acupuncture: a jab well done.
 Atheism is a non-prophet organization.
 Don't join dangerous cults: practice safe sects.
 He acquired his size from too much pi.
 He broke into song because he couldn't find the key.
 He had a photographic memory which was never developed.
 I thought I saw an eye doctor on an Alaskan island, but it turned out to be an
 optical Aleutian.
 I wondered why the baseball kept getting bigger. Then it hit me.
 If you jump off a Paris bridge, you are in Seine.
 Marathon runners with bad shoes suffer the agony of de feet.
 No matter how much you push the envelope, it'll still be stationery.
 Santa's helpers are subordinate Clauses.
 She was only a whisky maker, but he loved her still.
 The guy who fell onto an upholstery machine was fully recovered.
 The roundest knight at King Arthur's Round Table was Sir Cumference.
 The short fortune-teller who escaped from prison: a small medium at large.
 The soldier who survived mustard gas and pepper spray is now a seasoned
 veteran.
 Those who get too big for their britches will be exposed in the end.
 Time flies like an arrow; fruit flies like a banana.
 Two silk worms had a race. They ended up in a tie.
 When a clock is hungry, it goes back four seconds.
 When his grandmother telephoned to ask how he was, a nurse said,
 'No change yet.'
 When she saw her first strands of gray hair, she thought she'd dye.
 When you've seen one shopping center, you've seen a mall.
 You are stuck with your debt if you can't budge it.

~ THE LOVE RIFF OF J. ALFRED PRUFROCK

In this parody of T.S. Eliot's "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," the plot thickens, a murder scene opens, and the guys with gats listen. As you read it, imagine "Big Joe" having a deep baritone tough-guy voice, the kind you'd find in a Broadway play, and imagine the characters walking to the beat on a stage. Big Joe's words are indented. The original poem begins 'Let us go, then, you and I.' Now let us go to this new version...

Let us go, Big Joe, let us go go go
 Oh, please let us go
 We didn't do nothing
 To the status quo

You and I

And that other guy
Who was eatin' humble pie
After ham on rye

What's his name
What's his claim
To his fifteen minutes
Of fame or shame

Tell us, Big Joe, 'cause you know know know
That fella's name
We hear he's rollin' in dough
And he plays a fast game

I know his name, and I know his dame
She's a floozy, what a doozy,
Kinda squeezy when she's boozy
Real wild, never tame

That's right, Big Joe, she wears a bow, bow, bow
And she kissed that guy
Who was eatin' humble pie
After ham on rye

What's his name, Big Joe
Don't you know know know
And the floozy, what's she called?
And the guy, is he bald?

Lookit, boys, it's night
And the streets are getting bright
Yes it's night, but it's light
And the dames are alright

Except for that one
I know she's got a gun
But she's fun fun fun
When she ain't on the run

She shot a guy, shot a guy, shot a guy, pow!
And put him in the hospital, and then she took a bow
And the guy he's there on a table in a room
And they're gonna medicate, operate, in the gloom.

What's his name, Big Joe
You gotta tell us now

Especially since
She shot a guy, shot a guy, shot a guy, pow!

Will he live, will he die,
Will he have to pay the bill
Does it hurt, does he have to
Take a big pill?

How should I know if it hurts or not
The floozy'd know, cause she's the one who shot
And she knows he's rollin' around in dough,
And she's hot hot hot and she'll go go go

Her name is Grace but he calls her Mable
She's gotta lotta class, and she likes to wear sable
She shot a guy, shot a guy, shot a guy, pow!
And he's up there lying on the hospital table.

Is he sterilized
Vulcanized
Simonized
Tranquilized
Legalized
Synchronized

Oh, what is it? What is it?
Shall we go and make our visit?

I'll tell you what it is, Michelangelo
The hospitals crawling with well-armed fuzz
And in the room the women come and go
You ask me now what's the buzz, what's the buzz

Is he stabilized
Cauterized
Hypnotized
Bowdlerized
Womanized
Plagiarized

I don't know, and I don't give a damn
He can dance on the ceiling for all I care
He can squeeze that floozy and call her ma'am
There's time to wonder, "Do I dare? Do I dare?"

He's etherized, etherized, pumped up with gas!

And he's lying on the table
And he's calling out for Mable
She's gotta lotta class, and she's gotta lotta sass
And she carries a gat, and she swings her ass

What's his name, Big Joe, is it Larry or Curly
Or Moe. Is he tough, is he mean, is he burley
And what about Mable, is she really his girly
Did she shoot him in the evening
Was it dark, was it light, was it late or early?

I can tell you this
About that pretty ma'am
She gave the sap a kiss
Then pulled the trigger—blam!
It went through his chest
Tore a hole in his vest
And he didn't feel his best
So he took a hard fall
And that's what I heard
From a doctor on call
Who caught every word
Through the bathroom wall

Then the dame said, "Gee, I hope you're not sore,
But I need all the money I can get and lots more
And since you're lying in a pool of gore
I'll take your wallet and I'll take your money
It's a beautiful day, my sugar sweet honey."

Where'd she go, Big Joe, after shooting the guy?
Was she smokin' marijuana, was she getting real high?
Did she really want to kill him? Did she wanna make him die?
And what was his name, that poor little guy.

Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

But there's time, Big Joe, time to murder and create
Time to lift and drop a question on your plate
Time yet for a hundred indecisions
And for a hundred visions and revisions

The guy wasn't poor, wasn't poor at all,
He was richer than a winner in a gambling hall.
He wasn't even little

In fact he was tall
And he liked to carve and whittle
And shoot bullets at a target
That he painted on the wall.
He had a big gun
They say it weighed a ton

Let us go, you and I,
Mike and Chuck, Tom and Sly,
Let us go though the heat's
On the half-deserted streets.

But his name, what's his game,
What's his claim to fame.

His name was Prufrock
J. Alfred Prufrock, and he owns a big store
And that's where he made ten million or more
Some call him Jay, and some call him Al,
But Mable called him sucker. That devious gal
She measured out his life in coffee spoons
And squeezed the trigger while they played some tunes
Beneath the music from a farther room
So how the hell should a guy presume?

And how should me and the boys begin?
With a bottle of Scotch or a bottle of gin?
That Prufrock guy didn't break any laws.
He should've been a pair of ragged claws
To snap at the dame that did him in,
But we're gonna make her pay for her mortal sin

We'll have her head brought in on a platter
And we'll shoot her—bang!—and watch the blood splatter
We'll shoot the dame, shoot the dame, shoot the dame dead
We'll put a little tunnel through the top of her head.

“But, boys, that is not it at all
That is not what I meant at all

Why not, Big Joe, it won't be hazardous
She won't come back like Lady Lazarus

I'll tell you why
It'll make you cry
She needed the loot

'Cause her ma's gonna die

But the woman ain't human
She's a liar and a crook
She's a killer and a vamp
And Prufrock's on the hook

"But, boys, that is not it at all
That is not what I meant at all
The broad ain't human, like you said
She's a mermaid living on the ocean bed
She had an operation to give her feet
Now she needs the money so her folks can eat
Both parents are sick, and almost in their graves
I have seen her riding seaward on the waves
She's the sweetest girl that I've ever crossed.
She wants to save her folks at any cost

How do you know, Big Joe, Big Joe,
It all sounds fishy to me and the boys
Could you tell us what's up,
What's the skivvy, what's the noise?

It's my fault, yes, you can blame it on me
I fell in love with that chicken of the sea
She stole lotsa money from Prufrock, boys,
And you'll all get a share, a big share of his toys
So lower your guns, because if you shoot
And kill me, well, you won't get any loot
We're partners, partners, partners in crime
And Mable and I want to live a long time
We're gonna have a child, we're gonna lie down,
Till human voices wake us, as they drown.

~ NASAL CRITIQUE

Here is Mike Morton's nosy comment about the...

Blogosphere = Help! Boogers!

~ NEWS WORDPLAY

Rich Lederer calls attention to three items of wordplay in the news:

* The name Stanley **McChrystal** has been quite in the news lately--and quite a last name that is. It starts with five consecutive consonants. It's a 10-letter, 3-syllable name with but a single major vowel.

* All who love to play with words know that we drive in a parkway but park in a driveway. In the wake of the saga of Tiger Woods, we have also learned that he who drives well on a fairway may not fare well on a driveway.

* In the current (July 5) issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED L. Jom Wertheim chronicles the Wimbledon marathon between John Isner and Nicolas Mahut, a battle that lasted more than eleven hours over three days. Wertheim points out that the names ISNER and MAHUT combined and anagrammed yield HUMANS TIRE.

~ TWO OCEANIC ITEMS

The following two items are by Rich:

(1) spoonerism: OIL SPILL = SPOIL. ILL.

(2) palindrome: What did Captain Ahab say to the talk-show host when she gave him a spear to kill Moby-Dick?

"NO, OPRAH, A HARPOON!"

~ ANAGRAM DIALOGUES

The Internet Anagram Server does what its name implies: Serves up anagrams. The user types in a word or phrase, and the server produces hundreds or thousands of anagrams. Most are nonsensical. It occurred to me that one could take a phrase that people often say in reply to things, anagram that phrase into other phrases, usually nonsensical, and then write them into a dialogue. This process is similar to the way Mike Morton makes anagram lists that incorporate such things as the names of movies. However, instead of putting the starting phrase first, as Mike does, I put the starting phrase second. In the five Anagram Dialogues below, the left side gives the main speaker's comments, and the right side gives the other person's clichéd responses.

The first dialog starts with oddball lines that leave the listener bewildered to hear that such things as "a debuting goody kit" could exist or "a dung kitty boogied" could happen. To feel the full effect, imagine that each response is spoken more shrilly than the previous.

A debuting goody kit. = You gotta be kidding!

A dung kitty boogied. = You gotta be kidding!

A budging deity took. = You gotta be kidding!

A goodbye duet kiting. = You gotta be kidding!
A doggone tidbit—yuk! = You gotta be kidding!
A gutty kiddie bongo. = You gotta be kidding!
A God kit debut—oy! = You gotta be kidding!
A bugged inky id toot. = You gotta be kidding!
A bed gig took nudity. = You gotta be kidding!

In the next dialogue, the first person makes comments that the second person can't understand, but the first person keeps on talking. The conversation is about to turn into a fight.

Why you Dadaist! = What did you say?
Oh, away, dusty id. = What did you say?
Howdy, ya suit ad. = What did you say?
Yow, shady audit! = What did you say?
Ya dowdy hiatus! = What did you say?
Duo hid sty away. = What did you say?
Duh, today I sway. = What did you say?
You hasty id wad. = What did you say?
Sad day with you. = What did you say?
Yo, shit away, dud. = What did you say?

The next one is a conversation between a woman and her husband, who has been living secretly with an alcoholic paramour. His constant reply of “You want a divorce” completely ignores her angry words.

Rowdy evacuation. = You want a divorce?
Out, wry avoidance. = You want a divorce?
You native coward. = You want a divorce?
Your wino vacated. = You want a divorce?
Woo! Cadaver unity. = You want a divorce?
You cowed variant. = You want a divorce?
Our dewy vacation. = You want a divorce?
Away, unvoiced rat. = You want a divorce?
Undo wavy erotica. = You want a divorce?
You vacant weirdo. = You want a divorce?

Without the starting phrase “That’s for damn sure,” the following dialogue sounds like a poem. As it stands, it seems to be a conversation between two disgruntled mothers. The one is complaining, and the other is strongly agreeing. The last line brings the dialog to a dramatic conclusion.

A mom's truth fades. = That's for damn sure!
A famed horn struts. = That's for damn sure!
A strafed moth runs. = That's for damn sure!
A rafted horn's smut. = That's for damn sure!

A dafter son thrums. = That's for damn sure!
 A farted morn shuts. = That's for damn sure!
 A shamed turf's torn. = That's for damn sure!
 A thread forms nuts. = That's for damn sure!
 A dame's front hurts. = That's for damn sure!
 A death's form turns. = That's for damn sure!

The phrase “Don’t interrupt me” is especially interesting for its anagrammability. When it’s churned through the Anagram Generator, ten 2-word anagrams of the 3-word starting line lead off the resulting list.

Reprinted mutton. = Don't interrupt me.
 Tormented turnip. = Don't interrupt me.
 Imprudent rotten. = Don't interrupt me.
 Impudent torrent. = Don't interrupt me.
 Rudiment portent. = Don't interrupt me.
 Tromped nutrient. = Don't interrupt me.
 Deport nutriment. = Don't interrupt me.
 Ported nutriment. = Don't interrupt me.
 Rutted prominent. = Don't interrupt me.
 Pundit tormenter. = Don't interrupt me!

~ PSEUDO-OPPOSITES

“In Pseudo-Opposites,” Susan Thrope writes, “the two components of a compound word, or the two words of a 2-word phrase, are each replaced by their antonyms, or near antonyms, to make a word or phrase with a *different* connotation. Examples of this genre can be found in Word Ways 70043, 70174, 85048, 85089 and 94169. Here are some more of the 2-word phrase variety. They are given in no special order.”

RETURN HOME	AKE AWAY (meal)
SHOW DOWN (finale)	COVER UP
STRIP DOWN (wallpaper)	DRESS UP
LONG WAKE (funeral)	SHORT SLEEP
END ON	START OFF (begin)
GIVES OFF (emits eg. a smell)	TAKES ON (a challenge)
HARD UP (poor)	SOFT DOWN (feathers)
PULL OFF (achieve)	PRESS ON (continue)

FEET UP (rest)	HANDS DOWN (convincingly)
BAD BACK (it hurts!)	MILD FRONT (of weather)
UNHOLY MESS	HOLY ORDER
STUCK ON (adhered)	LOOSE OFF (temper)
WORN OUT (exhausted)	FRESH IN (the shop today)
RIGHT AWAY (now)	LEFT HOME
PLANT STEMS	ANIMAL INCREASES (its population)
SIT IN (strike)	STAND OUT (prominent)
MISTRESS QUICKLY	MASTER SLOWLY (understand gradually)
BAD FOOT	GOOD HAND (at cards)
OFF CENTRE	ON EDGE (nervy)
OFF CENTRE	ON SIDE (football)
SIT UP	STAND DOWN (bow out)
RUN IN (confrontation)	WALK OUT (strike)
HIGH UP	LOW DOWN (idle gossip)
CAUGHT OUT (cricket)	DROPPED IN (unofficial visit)
CUT DOWN	JOIN UP (enter one of the Forces. R.A.F.)
TAKE UP (a hobby)	PUT DOWN
GO OFF (deteriorate)	WAIT ON (as a servant does)
OVER EXPOSE (a photograph)	UNDER COVER (operation)
OUT PLAY (beat)	IN WORK (employed)

Longer phrases that make Pseudo-Opposites:

PUT FOOT IN (faux-pas)

TAKE HAND OUT (accept
money)

SHE FINDS HER FEET

HE LOSES HIS HEADS (tossing
coins)

RIGHT IN FRONT

LEFT OUTBACK (back to
civilisation in Australia)

~ SCRABBLE CONTEST NO. 98

Jeff Grant tells about a Scrabble challenge: "Contest 98 in our New Zealand Scrabble magazine 'Forwards' asked readers to construct couplets in which the first line contains only the six vowels AEIOUY in order, and the second line contains only the vowels in reverse order YUOIEA. There were many clever entries. (Some are particular to NZ Scrabble). Our editor (Jennifer Smith, HAM) was quick off the mark with these two:

A medic told hubby
Syrup of figs ends spasm.

Scrabble list outcry:
Yuk! Top is Jeff Grant! (Not now)

And a little story ('six couplets about one couplet'):

Halfseriously: "Try slurps from this keg, gal."
Abstemiously: "Yuk! Hops! I retch all!"
And then shrill loudly, "Plus don't like malt!"
Facetiously, "Yu don't drink?" he asks -
And when I don't gulp - sly: "Try! Just do it, dear."
Accept ... drink ... (Wofully!)
My! Thus, now I'm pregnant.

Actually, YUK was a popular word in this contest. Pam Robson (HAM) submitted a simple but evocative little entry:

Man he is so ugly
Yuk, not ideal!

'New Model' by Ron Bunny (Wallingford) is interesting.

Majestically YugoChilean!

Glennis Hale (IND) wrote this clever series at the motel after the Masters in Dunedin (where she had nine wins).

MASTERS! It's tops ... but why?
My - Just to win ... Be grand!

Games in South - fly!
Yup ... clocks, tiles, racks.

Scrabble, win's so funny,
By luck, or pick up blanks.

Rated high - got lucky?
Try - stuck on nine - DAMN!

Albeit not sulky.
Why sulk now? I'll be back!

Lyn Toka (Kiwi) sent in these nice examples.

Ann sets jinx on jury.
Why? Jurors find she's bad.

What devil sought rhythm
By such words? 'Tis Jeff Grant
(vaguely Shakespearean!)

Dorothy Latta of Wellington submitted a number of superb couplets. Here are some of them. The first is quite topical.

Ashes fill our sky!
Yuk from Iceland.

Can Eskimos truly
Cry 'mush!' to this team?

Pamper him most duly
By hugs or kisses warm.

What evil occurs by
Sly unnoticed plans.

Attest piously
My unvoiced psalm.

Rhyming couplets proved much harder to construct. Here are some of the best ones.

Mattress is most lumpy?
Thy bump prob's this pea. (Jennifer)

Can the wind so gusty
Fly us to mid lea? (Dorothy)

A couple of innovative rhymes from our Canadian correspondent P. Truedough (Whitehorse).

As we plight our tryst,
Yukon might hear 'pst!'

Watch ventriloquy!
Try humor with tea!

These excellent rhyming couplets were devised by ace puzzler Lyn Toka.

Ah! She is so burly
My buxom Shirlea.

Taste this broth, Guy.
Try duck or split pea.
(As Lyn explains, because Guy is a Frenchman, his name is pronounced to rhyme with 'pea'.)

Choosing a winner was a difficult task, but we've gone for this delectable entry by Dorothy Latta. Well done!

Plated with hot curry
Try chunks of minted lamb.

~ SCRABBLE CONTEST NO. 99

Jeff reports about the following contest: "Without using any of the five vowels AEIOU (or blanks to represent them), how much can you score for the first two moves? Example: NYMPH (38) + MYTHS/NYMPHS (33) = 71 points. Unfortunately, the closing date for entries was 20 August 2010. Any new replies by readers will appear in the next Kickshaws.

~ Gargantua and Pantagruel

Jeff's local paper carried a word column recently which includes the following (you can confirm its authenticity by googling):

When you read the following from Sir Thomas Urquhart's translation of Rabelais' *Gargantua and Pantagruel* (1653), you may feel there has been a historical decline in our ability to utter eloquent words and phrases of disparagement:

The bun-sellers or cake-makers were in nothing inclinable to their request; but, which was worse did injure them most outrageously, called them prattling gabblers, lickorous gluttons, freckled bittors, mangy rascals, shite-a-bed scoundrels, drunken roysters, sly knaves, drowsy loiterers, slapsauce fellows, slabberdegullion druggels, lubberly louts, cozening foxes, ruffian rogues, paltry customers, sycophant-varlets, drawlatch hoydens, flouting milksops, jeering companions, staring clowns, forlorn snakes, ninny lobcocks, scurvy sneaksbies, fondling fops, base loons, saucy coxcombs, idle lusk, scoffing braggarts, noddie meacocks, blockish grutnols, doddipol-joltheads, jobbernot goosecaps, foolish loggerheads, flutch calf-lollies, grouthead gnat-snappers, lob-dotterels, gaping changelings, codshead loobies, woodcock slangams, ninny-hammer flycatchers, noddypeak simpletons, turdy guts, shitten shepherds, and other suchlike defamatory epithets."

~ POEM OF THE MONTHS

Jeff introduces Jennifer Smith's 'EL CANARD': "It is very clever, after the manner of Sir Jeremy Morse's brilliant 'Working Week' on p127 in the May 'Word Ways'. The words are mostly used in Scrabble, apart from LY, JU and USA. BRU is a S. African word for 'a friend.'"

EL CANARD

Spend the contents of your YUAN JAR
And take to dinner your FAERY BRU.
Impress your Asian friends with your CHARM
And your grooming so PILAR,
Then, over the stir-fried YAM
(Which costs five JUN),
Persuade the chef, LY JU
That your guests don't want USA GUT!
But they'll toast him with TEMP BEERS
(They won't, for CERT, BOO
And will NEVER MOB)
If he serves vegetarian fare on a CRÈME BED.

~ WORD ROW CHALLENGE

Previous editions of *Word Ways* have mentioned such things as 'rivers of type' and 'pangrammatic windows' occurring naturally in literature. Jeff suggests another challenge: "How about words consecutive words beginning with the same letter? The following sentence containing eight words in a row beginning with C appears on p454 in Michael Palin's 2009 book *Halfway To Hollywood*: "Then home and almost straight out,

despite misgivings, to a misbegotten Camden Council cock-up called 'Citizen Cane's Christmas Cracker'."

~ COPPER WIRE: A TALE FROM THE WEB

After having dug to a depth of 10 feet last year, New York scientists found traces of copper wire dating back 100 years and came to the conclusion, that their ancestors already had a telephone network more than 100 years ago.

Not to be outdone by the New Yorkers, in the weeks that followed, a California archaeologist dug to a depth of 20 feet, and shortly after, A story in the LA Times read: "California archaeologists, after finding 200 year old copper wire, have concluded that their ancestors already had an advanced high-tech communications network a hundred years earlier than the New Yorkers"

One week later. A local newspaper in Iowa reported the following:

"After digging as deep as 30 feet in his pasture near Wapello , Iowa . Bubba, a self-taught archaeologist, reported that he found absolutely nothing. Bubba has therefore concluded that 300 years ago, Iowa had already gone wireless".

Hawkeyes are such a proud bunch.

~ A JAR OF APPLESAUCE

From his ongoing pillage of the English language, here is another batch of Applesauce Chronicles by Louis Phillips.

Is SAIL AN ALIAS? Si.

**

ON A MAJOR DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SUN & RAIN

Sun dries
Sundries.
Rain undries
Sundries.

**

A new way to spell ADULT

N
W
O = Grown up
R
G

**

N
E
R

V = Nervous breakdown
O
U
S

**

IM ATION --Missing person

**

WIWOSLYLND= Slowly twisting in the wind

**

BASEBALL PLAYER BOBO NEWSOM IN AFRICA SEES A STRANGE TREE
AND INQUIRES WHAT IT IS

**

O BAOBOB, BOBO.

(For fans who want to know more, Bobo Nesom is listed in [Bobo Newsom Statistics and History - Baseball-Reference.com](#)

**

Factoid: Snoo Wilson wrote THE SOUL OF THE WHITE ANT

& so:

Who's Snoo?
No. You say what's new?
What's Snoo?
No? Who's Snoo and what's new?

**

**ON TRYING TO CATCH UP
TO THE UNDERTAKER'S UNDERSTUDY**

I hope to overtake
The undertaker's
Understudy,
To study under
The undertaker's
Understudy
Whose undertakings
I wd like to overtake.

**

How many readers of *Word Ways* does it take to change a lightbulb?

Only one, but he or she changes it to BIG BULL HAT.

**

How does Sneezy feel?
Oh, today he's feeling Grumpy.

How does the umpire feel?
Oh, he's in a foul mood.

How does the Marquis de Sade feel?
Oh, he's fit to be tied.

How does the judge feel?
Fined.

How does Dr. Jekyll feel this morning?
Oh, he isn't himself today.

How do Édouard and André Micheline feel?
Tired.

How does Mr. Ignaz Schwinn feel?
Too tired.

How does Thomas Edison feel?
Light-headed.

How does Van Gogh feel?
Happy. Today he's grinning ear to...er, forget it.

**

PRONUNCIATION PALINDROME

Say abayas.

**

BARBIE DISAGREES WITH KEN

After viewing Shrek,
Barbie was heard to shriek,
"The Sheik is chic,
& not a chic-
ken, Ken.

**

WELL, WELL

"*Finely* should not be used for *well*."
Manual of Style (University of Chicago, 1947)

Finally,
Finley
Fell down the finely.

~ THE ANAGRAM DICTIONARY REVIEWED

Fifteen years ago, Ove Michaelsen read the entire Anagram Dictionary, compiled by Rik Edwards, and wrote this review of it:

The Longman Anagram Dictionary, by R. J. Edwards, published in England (1985), is a collection of transposals designed for crossword solving. Although none, if any of his transpositions were intended to be apt, many are, or come close, as shown in these twenty samples.

ANAGRAMS

EVADERS Adverse
LATE SHIFT? That's life.
LIFETIMES Time flies!

NO ADMITTANCE Contaminated [See the bianagram of "No admittance."]
NO GREAT LOSS One's lost rag
PAY IN FULL painfully
ROWDIES Weirdos
SAD ENDING Saddening
SELF-DENIAL fills a need.
SET ALIGHT Lit the gas
STONE AGE Stage one
TAXIMETER Extra time
THRUSTING ASIDE Raising the dust
TURN ONE'S HEAD under one's hat

ANTIGRAMS

ABOLITIONISM Mobilisation (British spelling)
DEANSHIP Pinheads
HONESTLY On the sly
PERSECUTED Due respect
STRINGS OUT? Strong suit!

AMBIGRAM (ambiguous anagram): LAS VEGAS salvages

("Ambigram" was coined by Judith E. Bagai, an editor of The Enigma.)

~ OUTRAGED

Ove provided this Escherlike "Letter to the Editor" from the October 14, 2005 issue of the Berkeley Daily Planet.

Editors, Daily Planet:

I am outraged by some of the stupid letters you publish. I hate you, the writers. That the Daily Planet would even have the gall to print a letter from someone like me! What idiocy! This is a waste of space. Also, the rebuttals to letters like this one are also a waste of space, as are the rebuttals to the rebuttal.

In disgust,
Richard List

~ QUOTABLE LINES

The following collection of quotations are from Ove's collection.

FEATURES

On Don Rickles: "He looks like an extra in a crowd scene by Hieronymus Bosch." —

Kenneth Tynan, *The New Yorker*, 1978

In high school he was voted most likely to recede.
—weathercaster Spencer Christian (actually referring to himself)

"But seriously—you're looking good!"

"Pardon?"

"You're looking good. But seriously..."

"He loves nature, in spite of what it did to him."

—Forrest Tucker (1919-1986), U.S. screen actor

"A pirate's dream: a sunken chest."

"You've never looked better and probably never will." —Groucho Marx

I'd recognize your face ANYwhere.

"He was arrested for indecent exposure, but released due to insufficient evidence."

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have a celebrity in our audience. This is truly an honor, Mr. Borgnine.

Oh, I am sorry, Madam."

GENERAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

He has all the enthusiasm of a corpse.

If practice makes perfect, you'd think he'd be a better drinker.

"He drank himself to Bolivia."

He only drinks between transitions.

It was a forgettable photo—IN one eye and out the other.

"Hold my beer—it's getting warm."

"Instant jerk; just add gin."

An actual anti-loitering sign:

"If you have nothing to do, don't do it here."

It's good to see your back.

"He's from the poor side of Beverly Hills—on Skid Drive." —Johnny Carson

On the Yale prom: "If all the girls attending it were laid end to end, I wouldn't be at all surprised."

—Dorothy Parker, quoted in Alexander Woolcott's 1934 book *While Rome Burns*

"I like him and his wife. He is so ladylike, and she is such a gentleman."

—Sydney Smith (1771-1845), British clergyman and writer

"All that you are, you owe to your parents. Why don't you send them a penny and square the account?"

"This is grim," I said. "Putting smokers on the curb with the junkies, hookers, and pigeons. Sorry. YOU don't look like a pigeon."

Have a nice day, but not on MY time.

"I'm busy now; could I ignore you later?"

"I have nothing against Pat Robertson being born again, but did he have to come back as himself?" —R. P. J. Day

"Bob, I have nothing but confidence in you, and very little of that."

—Groucho Marx, to Bob Dwan, director of his TV quiz show, "You Bet your Life"

It takes all kinds of people. He doesn't apply.

I'm not a huge fan of my species. Are you fond of yours?

"So... as an outsider, what's your opinion of the human race?"

He's among the who's who of nonentities.

If I wanted to face reality, I wouldn't be gazing in your direction.

His relationships last until he logs out.

"Forgive the man—he's been troubled since being toilet-trained by gunpoint."

Highly strung and loosely wrapped.

Put him out of my misery.

"He's such an obsessed cynic that his favorite hobby is collecting names of men that Will Rogers hadn't met."

"Oh, I'm sorry, but I think you're mistaking me for someone who gives a damn."

Keith Moon, of the rock band The Who, introducing himself to host Tommy Smothers on the “Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour,” after Smothers commented to the audience about Moon’s “sloppy drumming”: “My friends call me Keith, but you may call me ‘John.’”

“I’d call him a sadistic, hippophilic necrophile, but that would be beating a dead horse.”
—Woody Allen [Allen Stewart Konigsberg] (1935-), writer, screenwriter, director, comedian, and musician

He’s from such a “close” family that he’s related to himSELF.

“We were two ships passing in the night. She was the Exxon Valdez.”
—James Woods (1947-), referring to his personality clash with co-star Sean Young (1959-) during filming in 1987

*

There are at least two versions of these “quotes”:

Gladstone to Disraeli: “I predict, Sir, that you will die either by hanging or of some vile disease.”

Disraeli replied, “That all depends, sir, upon whether I embrace your principles or your mistress.” /

Lord Sandwich, to John Wilkes: “Really, Mr. Wilkes, I don’t know whether you’ll die on the gallows or of the pox.”

Wilkes: “That depends, my Lord, on whether I embrace your principles or your mistress.”

*

“His financial story ended at Chapter Eleven.”

“You have a great point, and I love the way you comb your hair around it.”

“He can dish it out, but he sure can’t cook it.”

“One hole short of a perforation.” —Marin Fischer

“One word short of a peroration.” —Jonathan Cohen

“His deck has no face cards.”

“His dock doesn’t quite reach the water.”

“His smoke doesn’t make it to the top of his chimney.”

He suspects that everyone thinks he's paranoid.

He's so suspicious that he swears the guy in the mirror is an impostor.

He's so obsessive that he stores his food in alphabetical order—from Alphabet Soup to Zucchini.

"Dallas salutes a person who can buy a piece of art, but not a person who can create one."
—A. C. Green (the initials do not stand for real names), pro basketball player

The reading of a will:

To my son I leave two million dollars. I remember Uncle Willie. To my wife...

"If I win five million dollars in the state lottery, I'd give you ONE."

A New Year's wish that might require a double take: "May your best days of this passing year be your worst days of the next."

—

"HARLOW WITH A 'T'," by Steffen Silvis, from the monthly, *Black Lamb* (Writing for Readers), Sept. 1, 2003:

The story of Harlow's encounter with Dame Margot Asquith is probably apocryphal. In the numerous versions of the tale, Harlow greets Asquith at a party by her first name, which the Blonde Bombshell pronounces as Mar-Got. Asquith offers a blunt correction, "No, my dear, its Margot. The 't' is silent, as in Harlow." A mordant addition to the dumb blonde repertoire, but a tad unfair. By most accounts, Jean Harlow was an intelligent woman who tirelessly fought against being typecast as light-headed. She spent her short life pleading to be taken seriously and once declared that she dreamt of leaving Hollywood to become a writer. Toward that end, in 1934, she wrote a novel.